The Well of Change

By Jonathan Olvera

Changes occur in life many times. The air was thick with the exhaust of the nearby ocean and the volcanic activity beneath the small settlement.

Life revolved around the trade of items made from stone and water ventures. Trade was a daily routine, an unchanging rhythm of existence.

Although this was regular and seemed interminable, the social dance was abruptly interrupted by plumes of smoke and extreme temperatures. Times were changing.

It was a time when I had to take control of the future that lay before me. My daily routine became a personal obstacle course; I set challenges for myself constantly. I began to see the benefits of progress in the stone trade and in art.

I ensured my appearance, traded with good measure, and achieved social stature. My life was no longer just social—it became spiritual.

I prayed and worked.

I meditated and wrote.

Work was something that would pay off. I dedicated myself to digging a well, believing that one day, I would reach water—clean water.

I was joined by many people of different nationalities, and they assisted me. We traded and worked. We also made good friends.

One day, I reached water. I called everyone to prepare the well and step back, for soon it would fill. And it did!

My friends were amazed. At the end of our hard work, we had a well—and much water to sustain our trades.

It all began as a small idea—a seed of good faith and hard work. But in the end, it made a difference, proving that change, when pursued with perseverance, leads to something greater.

Thanks for reading.